

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

PAULA'S COLLEGE THEORIES ARE BROKEN BY REAL LIFE

"I had a rather illustration of snobbery, Margie," said Paula, "when Emma and I went into the department store to get the maid's dress."

"Show us the maids' dresses," said Emma.

"The shop girl didn't look at them at all, but turned to me."

"Is there anything I can do for you," she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "you can tell my friends where the maids' dresses are."

"All girls are not like that, Margie, neither are all men like Jules. I am glad to say, but the thing that I had impressed on me that day was that snobbery was not confined to any one class. You find it in every walk of life. It is a very human trait."

"My little friend Jane had risen above it, and so had Emma, and while at that time I know I had some lingering seeds of it, I hope today I have grown democratic, broad and liberal. In fact, in looking back I can find excuse for the attitude of Aunt Rachel as well as the girl who waited on us that morning. Both were trying to succeed in the things they had undertaken."

"Aunt Rachel, knowing the truth about me, had cast me off because she believed I would be a millstone about her neck, while she was trying to marry her commonplace daughters to money; and the salesgirl picked me instead of Emma because she thought I looked as though I had more money."

"Finally, however, Emma spied a friend and she said:

"Say, Sallie, get me the best-looking maid's dress you have for \$2.98."

"Sallie brought out a number of simple little frocks and I tried them on. They fitted me perfectly."

"You are a perfect 36, Paula," said Emma with a laugh.

"What's the game?" asked Sallie, as Emma and I discussed how the embroidered collar and cuffs I had would look with it.

"No game at all," said Emma. "Paula is going to be hat girl at the restaurant."

"Again Sallie showed her breeding by not saying a word. Instead she said:

"Let me put your collar on so you can see how it looks."

"It was fine, and truly, Margie, I have never looked better than I did in that simple little frock."

"As Sallie went to have it wrapped I asked Emma how much she got a week."

"About \$8," was her answer. "She told me that she sells about \$500 worth of goods a week."

"Then, according to the law of percentages, she should get more than \$8, was my comment. Emma looked at me and smiled."

"You learned that at college, did you not? Let me tell you, my friend, the price of labor is not set by the law of percentage. Like everything else in this world it is set by the law of supply and demand."

"There are thousands of girls who want to work in stores, for little pay, as they live at home. And while the money does not wholly support them, it helps and takes some of the burden off the head of house."

"These girls set the price of labor. No business man is going to pay more than he has to for anything he buys. You, my dear, can make much more money at the restaurant if you can stand the fuss that will be made over you."

"It was a good thing I did not know what Emma meant by 'fuss,' or I am sure I would not have gone."

"Margie, when I get settled I am going to devote my life and money to the cause of making men regard